THE FINAL TEST.

Where the Ablebodied Candidate For the Army Put His Foot In It.

Bill was one of those fellows who always try to do things right. He lost his position recently and, being unable to secure another, decided to join the regular army. He applied at Uncle Sam's recruiting station. Now, Bill was a good looking specimen of manhood, and the army officer began his examination with pleasure.

Heart, lungs, hearing, sight and nerves were found in the best of condition. But one test remained before he could become a regular.

"Take off your shoes," commanded the officer.

Bill did so.

"Now wet your feet in that bucket," he was further instructed.

Bill did as he was told.

"Now walk across the room," said the army man.

Bill knew from the actions of the army officer that he had made a good mark and wanted to increase his average. He started across the floor, bringing every inch of his weight to bear at every step. He looked back. Yes, he was doing fine. He could plainly see the whole imprint of his feet each step he had taken. He was happy, and the task was finished.

"Don't want you. You're flatfooted," said the army man.

"What do you think of that?" reflected Bill as he made his way to the street.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

THE ROYAL HOAX.

And the Missing Sword of the Duke of Cumberland.

What became of the Duke of Cumberland's sword, which was lost or stolen at the Haymarket theater Jan. 16, 1749?

It was on the night of the great "Bottle Hoax." According to advertisement, a man was to "play on a common walking cane the music of every instrument now used to perfection, get into a quart bottle without equivocation and while there sing several songs," besides doing other things only a little less marvelous—more marvelous that the theater should have been packed with spectators, including many of the nobility and the Duke of Cumberland of Culloden fame.

The conjurer did not appear, but one of the theater officials did and informed the house that all money would be returned at the doors. "Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage," a contemporary account tells us, "and called to pull down the house. He drew his sword and was in such a rage that somebody slipped in behind him and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say, 'Fools should not have chopping sticks.' This sword of his has never been heard of nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas of reward are offered for it."—London Chronicle.

Curious Street Names.

The list of curious street names is inexhaustible. Bermondsey possesses a Pickle Herring street. Near Gray's inn there is to be found a Cold Bath square. Most of the Nightingale lanes and Love lanes are hidden ironically enough in the slums of the east end.

But for really bizarre street names one should go to Brussels. The Short Street of the Long Chariot, the Street of the Red Haired Woman and the Street of Sorrows are remarkable enough to catch the least observant eye. The Street of the One Person is, as one might guess, considerably narrower than Whitehall. But the cream of Brussels street names surely belongs to the Street of the Uncracked Silver Cocoanut. This in the original appears as one ponderous thirty-six letter word.—London Chronicle.

He Knew How It Was.

James' mother is one of those unfortunate individuals who "pick up" unconsciously every error in speech that they hear. This failing is a source of much amusement and comment in her family, as are also the habitual and glaring mistakes of Mrs. F., a very estimable acquaintance.

One day James' mother had been out and upon her return committed a grave offense against the mother tongue. Immediately little James confronted her, with upraised forefinger, and exclaimed in accusing tones, "Now, mother, you have been playing with Mrs. F. again!"—Delineator.

Lights Out.

An irascible sergeant going his nightly round of the barracks in order to make sure that all lights had been extinguished noticed that a window was illuminated. He roused the occupants of the room.

"Put out that light," he ordered, "and be quick about it."

"But it's moonlight!" explained a private.

"I don't care what it is!" roared the sergeant. "Put it out!"—London Express.

A Genius.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a genius?

Pa—A genius, my son, is a person whom nature lets in on the ground floor, but whom circumstances force to live in an attic.—Chicago News.

A Strong Hint.

Customer—You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy. Newsboy—I'm out o' practice. Ye see, most o' de gents says, "Keep de change."—Harper's Weekly.

The heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.—Bacon.

A BYRON STATUE.

It Was Made to Be Placed In Westminster Abbey, but Was Refused by the Dean.

Many years ago some admirers of Lord Byron raised a subscription for a monument to the poet to be placed in Westminster abbey. Chantrey was requested to execute it, but on account of the smallness of the sum subscribed he declined, and Thorwaldsen was then applied to and cheerfully undertook the work.

In about 1833 the finished statue arrived at the customs house in London, but to the astonishment of the subscribers the dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland, declined to give permission to have it set up in the abbey, and owing to this difficulty, which proved insurmountable, for Dr. Ireland's successor was of the same opinion, it remained for upward of twelve years in the customs house, when (1846) it was removed to the library of Trinity college, Cambridge.

The poet is represented in the statue of the size of life, seated on a ruin, with his left foot resting on the fragment of a column. In his right hand he holds a style up to his mouth, in his left a book, inscribed "Childe Harold." He is dressed in a frock coat and cloak. Beside him on the left is a skull, above which is the Athenian owl. The likeness is, of course, posthumous. Thorwaldsen was born Nov. 19, 1770, and died on March 24, 1844.—Exchange.

A LAD OF MYSTERY.

"That Awful Boy Jones," Who Tormented Queen Victoria.

For a little while about the middle of the nineteenth century "that awful boy Jones" was the torment of Queen Victoria's life, and his short career in public contains a mystery which would try the mettle of Sherlock Holmes.

He was a barber's apprentice who in some unexplained way discovered a passage into Buckingham palace, with which he alone was acquainted. When he was first found trespassing he was gently admonished and sent home. Soon after he was encountered again in the palace. He would not tell how he obtained access. Again he was sent home, and again he reappeared.

Once he calmly admitted that he had been lodging in the palace for a fortnight. He had laid snug during the day, sleeping in the royal apartments, and at night had wandered from room to room, helping himself to the food left over from royal repasts. He had seen the queen repeatedly and indeed had never been far from her.

The matter was considered so serious that the boy was summoned before a special meeting of the privy council. He refused to give any account of his secret. Soon after he disappeared, and it is supposed that he was removed under state protection.—London Globe.

Grant In the Saddle.

Grant was at his best in the saddle. The one real record that he made for himself at the academy, the one time that he excelled all his fellows, was at the final mounted exercises of his graduating class, when, riding a famous horse named York, he was called upon to clear the leaping bar that the gruff old riding master had placed higher than a man's head. He dashed out from his place in the ranks, a smooth faced, slender young fellow on a powerful chestnut sorrel, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall, turned and went directly at the bar, the great horse increasing his pace as he neared it, and then, as if he and his rider were one, rising and clearing it with a magnificent bound. The leap is still recorded at the academy as "Grant's upon York."—St. Nicholas.

A Singular Marriage Custom.

The Kurds have a very curious and somewhat dangerous marriage custom, which one would think would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. The husband, surrounded by a bodyguard of twenty or thirty young men, carries his wife home on his back in a scarlet cloth and is desperately assaulted the whole way by a number of girls. Sticks and stones are hurled at the bridegroom, who in the coming home with his bride can hardly be considered a very happy man, for the irate amazons often inflict on him marks which he carries to the grave. It may be that among the lady pursuers are some of the bridegroom's former "flames," who turn the mock attack into downright earnest to avenge slighted love.

Quite a Comfort.

"There was a time when they put men in jail for debt," said the bill collector severely.

"Well," answered the fretted citizen, "I don't know but a good, stout jail, where your creditors couldn't send in cards or call you up on the telephone, would be a great deal of a comfort."—Washington Star.

Experience Would Tell.

"I want an easy chair," said the householder, entering the store.

"Yes, sir," said the salesman. "What sort?"

"I don't know yet," was the answer. "Let me look into the boss' office and see what he has. He ought to be a judge."—Buffalo Express.

A Marrying Man.

"Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a somber looking gentleman at a recent reception.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "I'm a clergyman."

Talent creates a work; genius keeps it from dying.—Emerson.

CARE OF COW AND CALF.

The Effect of Precautions Before Birth Are Farreaching and Must Not Be Underestimated.

Throughout the months of April and May many cows become fresh, and each should have full four weeks' rest before time for the calf to arrive.

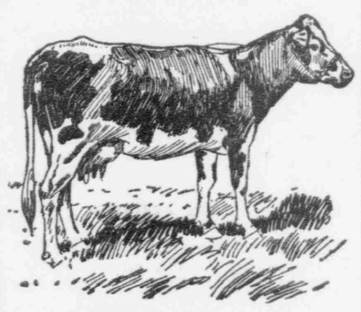
During these last four weeks she should be fed good, nutritious food, consisting of clover hay, with liberal messes of bran, and if necessary tonics and condition powders should be added to keep her in proper shape for the emergency to come.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these careful attentions may not be necessary, and the cow will get along all right and apparently do as well to rough it, but who knows but that his cow may be the hundredth one and be lost from milk fever or some other disease that can be attributed to improper care?

A cow doesn't have to be fat to be in proper condition for calving. She should be in good enough condition to be strong and healthy. A fat cow may be in the very worst kind of condition, and this is the reason why so many fat cows die of milk fever after becoming fresh.

By all means keep the cow's appetite good and bowels loose, feed her properly and see that she gets plenty of exercise and good water. Then there will be little danger at calving time. In fact, the cow will come out all right with a big, strong, healthy calf that is well born and ready to start on the way for a good, healthy and profitable animal.

There is little to say about teaching the calf to drink milk, for most everybody has had his ups and downs at that, and each has his own way,



She Will Return Careful Treatment With Interest.

which is always the best. But the calf should in very early life be taught to eat hay and oats.

Keep some good, bright clover hay where he can get at it at will. Keep a shallow box of oats where he can nose around it, and if the oats get stale clean out the box and put in a fresh supply.

In a very short time the calf will be eating both oats and hay, and after he has learned to eat well you can fool him by skimming the milk and putting a little water in if milk is scarce. By working him gradually you can work off some buttermilk on him, with other things as well, and he will grow and make a fine animal.

Don't turn him out when the first green grass comes, but keep him in a lot or paddock, where he can get exercise and go in the barn when he wants to, and feed him all the good clover hay he will eat in connection with his other feed, and you will have a calf that will "knock the socks off" any grass fed calf you ever saw.

The quarters of the calf should be kept clean at all times. If the bedding becomes soiled a fresh supply should be put in. The quarters, too, should be roomy, airy and light. If the sunshine can stream in all the time, so much the better. Sunshine is a great health promoter for all kinds of young things.

Plenty of Water For Calves.

Calves, like other farm animals, get thirsty, even though milk forms a large part of their ration. Calves three months of age will drink as much as five quarts of water daily per head.

They drink often, sipping a little at a time. A half barrel, cleaned and replenished twice daily, will serve nicely as a water trough.

Another good device is an automatic waterer which may be easily cleaned, situated a little above the floor to keep out the litter. Salt is essential to the development of the calf, as of other animals, and should be kept continually available.

Give Thought to Feeding.

When you are feeding your cows remember that you are indirectly feeding the soil of your farm for larger crops and more general farm profits. It pays well in the end to purchase feeds when you do not grow enough on the farm.

Use Tin Milk Pails.

Don't use wooden milk pails. Tin makes the best milk containers for any purpose, provided the seams are smooth and there are no sharp angles to catch and hold minute portions of milk in which bacteria can breed.

Avoid Nervousness While Milking.

Blanketing each cow while milking her will reduce her nervousness and switching while milking. The blanket may be shifted from one cow to another as each cow is finished.

FAMOUS GOODWOOD.

Something About a Historic English Race Course.

The Goodwood race course is quite unique. It is a long way from a station and is not near any town, says the London Tatler. It is on a hill the top of which is shaped like a horseshoe, the space between the two horns being represented by a deep ravine. The course runs round the horseshoe, the start being at the end of one horn and the finish at the end of the other. The result of this is that the equestrians who on other courses contrive to see both start and finish by the simple process of riding across while the race is in progress cannot do so at Goodwood. They must elect which they will see and remain there. On the other hand, the course is very easy to follow with glasses.

The races as an institution are comparatively modern, but there must have been hunt races and matches on this course since the days of William III., when we hear of the Goodwood hunt as in existence. In 1800, however, the then Duke of Richmond made a new course, which is practically the present one. In 1801 the course was completed, and in order to celebrate this a regular meeting was got up by the duke with the assistance of the hunt and some officers of the Sussex militia and yeomanry, and prizes to the value of about £1,000 were put up. This meant a good sum in those days. This was the first Goodwood meeting of importance, and from that year it became an annual event.

An Amendment.

"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked softly.

She looked up into his face trustingly.

"Certainly, dearest," she answered, "if—if"—

"If what?"

"If you get another one for yourself."—New York Journal.

The Dreaded Doctor.

"How did you like your dinner?" inquired the epicure.

"Well," answered the dyspeptic, "it was admirable in every respect. But my doctor has put me into such an apprehensive frame of mind that whenever I really enjoy eating anything I become utterly miserable."

MISS WISE SERVANT.

She Was Too Well Posted on the Right of Employer and Employed.

"Some girls may be green and easily imposed upon," said the woman, "but just as many more can give their employers points on law. The girl that came to my house the other day from an employment agency knew more in a minute about the rights of employer and employed than I would know in a year. About the first thing she did was to look out at that big hole in the ground at the other end of the lot, where they are preparing to build. She said:

"'If I should break any dishes while that building is going up you couldn't make me pay for them.'

"I asked why not, and she informed me that a girl working in a building that is likely to be shaken by blasting is protected by the same rule that governs employees in a dining car. Owing to the insecurity they are allowed $20 a month for breakage. Dishes valued at less than $20 may be smashed with impunity. She gave me a printed account of the trouble of two friends who had thrashed that matter out in court and had been sustained in their contention for a twenty dollar leeway. I didn't employ that girl. I don't want to impose upon any girl, but I didn't want to hire one who knows that she can smash my best dishes up to $20 worth and get off without paying damages."—New York Press.

ANCIENT BRIDGES.

Some Built Before the Christian Era Still Standing In China.

Suspension bridges which were built in the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) are still standing, striking examples of oriental engineering skill. According to historical and geographical writers of China, it was Shang Lieng, Kaen Tsu's chief of command, who undertook to construct the first public roads in the Flowery empire.

At that time it was almost impossible for the province of Shense to communicate with the capital. Lieng took an army of 10,000 workmen and cut great gorges through the mountains, filling up the canyons and valleys with the debris from his excavations. At places where deep gorges were traversed by large and rapidly flowing streams he actually carried out his plan of throwing suspension bridges, stretching from one slope to the other.

These crossings, appropriately styled "flying bridges" by early Chinese writers, are high and dangerous looking in the extreme. At the present day a bridge may still be seen in the Shense which is 400 feet long and is stretched over a chasm more than 1,000 feet deep. How those early engineers erected such a structure with the tools and appliances at their command is a mystery which will probably never be explained.

Birds and Insect Life.

Men of science are generally agreed that birds are nature's great check on the excess of insects and that they maintain the balance between plant and insect life. Ten thousand caterpillars, it has been estimated, could destroy every blade of grass on an area of cultivated land. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides has been estimated by a prominent entomologist at no less than 12,000,000. The bird population of cultivated country districts has been estimated at from 700 to 1,000 per square mile. This is small compared with the number of insects, yet as each bird consumes hundreds of insects every day the latter are prevented from becoming the scourge they would be but for their feathered enemies.—Harper's Weekly.

A Paper Restaurant.

Hamburg, Germany, has an eating house made of paper. Its walls are composed of a double layer of paper stretched on frames and impregnated with a fire and water proof solution. A thin wooden partition affords further protection from the inclemency of the weather. Roofs and walls are fastened together by means of bolts and hinges so that the entire structure may be taken apart and put together again. The dining room itself measures 30 by 6 meters and is capable of accommodating 150 people. There are twenty-two windows and four skylights, and the heating is done by two isolated stoves. A side erection contains the manager's office, kitchen, larder and dwelling room. The total cost was $350.—Detroit Free Press.

His Alternative.

Even at the tender age of four little Benny was considering his future occupation. "Mamma," he said, "when I'm a man I'm going to have a wagon and drive around collecting ashes."

"Why, Benny," exclaimed his mother in horror, "mamma doesn't want her little boy to be an ash man."

"Well, then," replied Benny with a very self sacrificing air, "I suppose I could collect swill."—Delineator.

An Anomaly.

The average young woman doesn't like to see her thirtieth birthday. Yet when she has seen it she would like to see it again.—Smart Set.

The Pets.

Wifey (at the hotel office)—The clerk says they don't take pets, Algy, so I suppose Fido and you will have to put up in the basement.—Life.

So Feminine.

Lottie—I wouldn't be in Kittie's shoes for anything in the world. Hattie—Of course not. They hurt you terribly.—Harper's Bazar.

OUR FIRST MINT.

Some of the Rules and Regulations That Were In Force There Over a Hundred Years Ago.

The first United States mint at Philadelphia was naturally a very unpretentious affair. The material for coinage was secured from abroad. There was found much difficulty to get any one of experience to operate the coinage, and the salary list of the first mint employees was: David Rittenhouse, director, $2,000 per annum; Tristram Dalton, treasurer, $1,200; Henry Voight, coiner, $1,500; Isaac Hugh, clerk, $312.

The regular coinage of copper began in 1793, silver in 1794 and gold in 1795. The following curious extracts are taken from the mint rules and regulations of the early days:

"The allowance under the name of drink money is hereafter to be discontinued.

"The operations of the mint throughout the year are to commence at 8 o'clock in the morning.

"Christmas day and the Fourth of July—and no other days—are established holidays at the mint.

"He (watchman) will keep in a proper arm chest, securely locked, a musket and bayonet, two pistols and a sword.

"The watchman must attend from 6 o'clock in the evening to 5 o'clock in the morning, must ring the yard bell every hour and send the watchdog through the yard immediately after ringing the bell."

Besides the Philadelphia mint, which is now established in palatial quarters at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, there are mints at San Francisco, Denver and New Orleans and an assay office at Carson City.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

It Linked the Twelfth Century With the Eighteenth.

For centuries old London bridge, with its double row of houses, was the home of generations who lived and traded over the Thames waters.

Holbein lived and painted there. Osborne, the prentice lad, leaped through a window in the house of his master, Sir William Hewet, to the rescue of Sir William's daughter, who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below, and by winning her for his wife laid the foundation of the ducal house of Leeds. Crispin Tucker had his shop on the bridge, to which Pope and Swift and many another author of fame made pilgrimages to purchase books and gossip with the waggish shopkeeper. Crocker's Dictionary was printed "at the Looking Glass on London bridge," and gigantic corn mills dominated the south end of the structure, not many yards from the wonderful Nonsuch House, a huge wooden pile with turrets and cupolas brought from Holland.

Such in brief outline was the London bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century and which when it was on its last tottering legs was removed to give place to its fine successor of our day, the stone in which is said to be "nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's cathedral."—Montreal Standard.

His Danger.

In these days of almost pre-eminent German music and musicians it is rather amusing to read the opinions of former generations concerning Teutonic singers.

Frederick the Great was so impolitely unpatriotic as to declare that he would rather hear the neighing of a horse than the singing of a German prima donna. Perhaps in his day there was some excuse for such a remark, but the times have changed.

There is a diverting anecdote of an Italian who was convinced that no German could sing. A friend induced him to go to the opera where Henriette Sontag sang. After hearing her first aria the Italian got up to go. The friend urged him to stay, assuring him that he would be convinced soon.

"I know it," repied the Italian, "and that's why I go."

Doves and Coronations.

At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings after the anointing had been performed some white doves were let loose in the church. This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the king's actions. A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings, for among the English regalia is the rod of equity or the scepter with the dove. This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top, which supports a cross. On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with expanded wings. Some fine diamonds ornament the rod in various places.

Gender of Garlic.

"Why is garlic masculine gender?" asked the man who markets. "It must be masculine because the greengrocers I buy from call it 'he.' They are mostly Italians and ought to know the sex of garlic if anybody does. Of all the vegetables and aromatic herbs I buy garlic is the only one to which masculine virtues are ascribed. Everything else is neuter. To call garlic 'it' would be an insult. The garlic, he is fresh, he is fine, he is cheap, he is dear. Funny, isn't it?"—New York Times.

He Had Quit.

"You say you have quit smoking?"

"Yep; never going to smoke again."

"Then why don't you throw away those cigars?"

"Never! I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking, and it taught me a lesson."—Houston Post.

Not what you do, but how you do it, is the test of your capacity.—Studley.